

T H E
Y A E R
F O R T Y - O N E .

Carmen Seculare.

*Quas res luxuries in flagitiis, avaritia in rapinis,
superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset. eas omnes
SESE hoc in prætorè per * TRIENNIIUM pertulisse
dicebant.* CICERO.

* Read it now SEPTENNIIUM, meo Periculo,
BENTLEYUS.



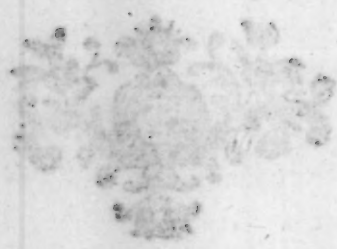
D U B L I N :
Re-printed in the Y E A R M D C C X L I ,

THE
YEAR
FORTY-ONE



THE
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FORTY-ONE
CIVIL

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CIVIL



THE
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FORTY-ONE
CIVIL

To Her GRACE the

Dutchess Dowager

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

THE YEAR FORTY-ONE throws itself, with some Confidence, at your Grace's Feet for Protection, there being no one living to whom an honest Satire on the Degeneracy of the Age could be so properly addressed as to your Grace, who has at all times signalized yourself by a firm Attachment to the Cause of Liberty, and by bravely standing up to stem that Torrent of public Enormities, which has of late bore in upon us with such Power and great Glory.

The Carmen Seculare of the Ancients, MADAM, was a Hymn to the Gods by way of Te Deum for the publick Blessings they enjoyed; and to invoke a Continuance of them, and was performed at their secular Games, which were celebrated once in a Century; such was that of Horace in the times of Augustus, and such would

would This have been, had it appeared in those glorious Days, when the immortal MARLBOROUGH presided in the Business of the Publick.

But alas the times of Reversing are come; all the Honour which was then won to the British Arms by that victorious Prince, has since been meanly negotiated away: and that State of Independency both at home and abroad, for which the generous Labours of his Life were exerted, been barter'd for a State of ——— a very different Nature.

The haughty GAUL who then trembled at the Name of Britain, and scarce thought himself secure in his own Capital, now like the fourth Beast in Daniel's Vision, is become dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, having great Iron Teeth, and devouring and breaking every thing in Pieces, and stamping the Residue with its Feet; and having a Mouth speaking great Things, and whose Look is more stout than his Fellows.

That your Grace may find your laudable Endeavours towards remedying these public Mischiefs crown'd with Success, and see such a happy Change accomplish'd in the Land, as to place it in a Condition of granting those Terms to LIBERTY, which she is made to demand in the Conclusion of this Piece, in order to return to us again, is the Prayer of Millions, and of none more so than of

M A D A M,

Your Grace's most obedient,
and most humble Servant



THE



THE
Y E A R
F O R T Y - O N E .

Carmen Seculare.

IT's finish'd---lo the long PREDICTED YEAR!
Lo FORTY ONE's black *Cycle* re-appear!

See ev'ry Vice in gay succession rise,
That can pollute the Earth, or scale the skies!
All private Faith become a public Jest,
All public sanction, *Neutral* at the best;
All foreign Influence an empty Name,
All home Prosperity, alas! the same.
All Power ONE's Property, all Honours Pay.
And all Religion---why, a mock Fast-day.

Behold

Behold Corruption tour it through the Land,
 Whilst Knights and Nobles hold her out the Hand,
 Without a Blush in meek Dependance wait,
 For who so poor in Spirit as the Great?
 For Pensions give each native Right away,
 Or for a paltry place each trust betray:
 For strings and titles damn their Progeny,
 To gilded Chains and pageant Poverty;
 Transmit a Curse in ev'ry venal Vote,
 And Nightshade in the Star-infected Coat.

No lib'ral Art now meets the least Support,
 No publick Virtue finds one Friend at Court:
 None are preserv'd but who can serve the Times,
 None punish'd who can pay but for their Crimes.
 The landed Rogue may traffick in Offence,
 And sleep secure in his Omnipotence;
 And branded Sharpers skreen'd by knavish Gain,
 May Captains, Senators, Sir Blue-strings reign,
 Nay e'en the spotless Woolpack may prophane.
 Whilst ev'ry honest Man who shuts his Gate,
 Against the Bribe or Manace of the Great,
 Bless'd in his little Independant State,
 Like a dead Member from the Body's rent,
 A Limb quite useless to the Government.

The Soldier who of old to Toils inur'd,
 Was only in the field of War endur'd;
 Now, for a very diff'rent End obtain'd,
 In Sloth and Riot is at Home maintain'd;
 Dress, Dancing, Drinking, Gaming his Delight,
 His Conquests in Elections not in Fight:
 Whilst the pick'd Magistrate, by Office ty'd
 To see strict Justice done on every side,

Lets



Lets himself out to shameful *Hire*, and acts
 Just as the *Pence* direct, and not the *Facts*,
 Who, whilst he hangs a petty Thief or Whore,
 Refuses *legal Voters* by the *Score*,
 And swears, for S--nd--n, One and One make Four. }

Our *Priests* too preach for *Hire*, for *Hire* they plead
Corruption's Cause, or any Cause they're bid ;
 Leaving their Flocks to feed themselves, while they
 To *Baal* bow, and in *High Places* pray ;

O for a *Muse of Fire* ! * as *Shakespear* cries,
 But not to paint a *Henry's* Victories,
 To sing *France* conquer'd by *Britannia's* Bands,
 Or *Albion* giving *Laws* to distant *Lands*,
 No --- to describe our *Eminence* in *Shame*,
 Our *Impotence* in all that merits *Fame* ;
 Our *Sinews* quite unnerv'd, our *Spirits* broke,
 Our *Necks* bow'd down beneath the *Gallick Yoke* ;
 Our *Lux'ry* at the *highest* it can go,
 Our *Wealth* and *Trade* as infamously *low* ;
 The *Crowds* of *Drones* in *Offices* at home,
 The *Shoals* of *Licusts* brought from *France* and *Rome* ;
 Such *new-born Taxes* whilst the *old* exist,
 Such *Dowries* paid, yet such a *Civil-List* ;
 Such *Treating*, *Voting*, *Swearing*, *Bribing*, *Biting*,
 Such *Dearth* of *Learning*, yet such *Crops* of *Writing*,
 With all that profligate *Degenaracy*,
 Which reigns in each *Sex*, *Station*, and *Degree*.

Now

* Vide the Prologue to *Shakespear's Henry V.*

Now Liberty, thou heav'nly Guest, farewell,
 Source of all Blessings where thou deign'st to dwell :
 Adieu --- no longer can we hope thy Stay,
 Since *Britain's* abject Sons renounce thy Sway ;
 On Ruin bent; and suppliants for Thrall,
 They court thine Absence to compleat their Fall ;
 But say, great Patroness, what barren Isle,
 Will't thou from hence impregnate with thy smile ;
 What distant Region for thy *Mountain* mark,
 Where to unload thy *Science-freighted* Ark,
 And set up next thy Candle in the dark ?
 Go, *humanize* a yet untutor'd Herd,
 Hapless joint Tenants with the Wolf and Pard;
 League them in a refin'd Community,
 And make of Savages what Men should be.
 Teach them from Fraud and Rapine to refrain,
 And publick Good prefer to private Gain :
 Teach them the Homage due to Heav'n's high King,
 And what rich Fruits from social Virtues spring.
 Then plant the *finer Taste*, prepare the way
 For Science's and Wisdom's lib'ral sway ;
 Bid Learning dawn, Art after Art arise,
Lights, which alas ! are *setting* in our *skies*,
 POESY, Queen of the resplendent Train,
 Who, with soft warbling or deep swelling Strain,
 Masters the various Passions, as thy roll,
 And captivates each Centry of the Soul ;
 With Tongue of *seraph*, Truth divine unfolds,
 Or to the Fool and Knave her *Mirror* holds ;
 To godlike Acts the gen'rous Breast inflames,
 Or the fell Rage of dire Ambition tames :
 Wings the rapt Heart to Heav'n in grateful Flight,
 And makes *Earth* own, *whatever is is right*.

with

With her, fair Sisters! PAINTING, Hand in Hand
And MUSICK, leading up the sacred Band.

PAINTING, that with a half-creative Pow'r,
Calls forth new Worlds, and bids new *Edens* flow'r,
To the blank Canvas mimick Life imparts,
And *Forms* so fair they steal ev'n *real* Hearts;
In active Group historick Deeds displays,
Or charms the Sense in Fables flow'ry Maze;
Beams moral Lights instructive o'er the Soul,
And spreads the *Galaxy* to Virtue's Goal.

Whilst, sweet Inforcer of the Poets Lays,
MUSICK in meaning Sounds strong Sense conveys;
Can each respondent Passion spur, or reign,
And vary ev'ry Pulse with ev'ry strain;
Raise with a *Note* of Rapture the Depress'd,
Or quell th'Outrageous with a dead'ning *Rest*;
Plunge the struck Heart in sympathetick Woe;
Or with imputed Ardors make it glow;
In *Cytherea's* silken Cordage bind,
Or tune to *social* Harmony, the Mind.
With these the rest in radiant Order Join,
Till the whole Sky of Science cloudless shine.

SCULPTURE with stately Attitude and Mien,
And ev'ry Thought in ev'ry Feature seen;
High-swelling Muscles that full Vigour prove,
Yet soft and smiling as the Queen of Love,
And fine-proportion'd ARCHITECTURE, free,
From lumpsish Pomp, or glaring Levity;
Her Temples crown'd with the *Corinthian* Wreath,
Her Limbs like *Doric* Pillars firm beneath;
Her

Her Form adorn'd with each *Ionick* Grace;
And the bright *Mixt* resplendent in her Face.

LOGIC in meditated Pace secure,
Moving by *Mood* and *Figure*, slow yet sure,
That dares, undaunted, dang'rous Truths avow,
With keen Conviction flashing from her Brow;
And rapid ELOQUENCE with matchless Force,
That bears down all Resistance in her Course;
And as she wroth or sorrowful appears,
Can rouse our rage, or triumph in our Tears;
Pour the avenging Thunder when she please,
Or, slack'ning, sink in listless lifeless Ease.

Then, last of all, to *Crown* the gen'rous Task,
And grant to Man the *utmost* Man can ask,
Erect a *Publick Rule*, divinely plann'd
For *Publick Good*, by the unerring Hand;
Where different Powers in due Proportion join,
Pois'd and adjusted to *one* great Design;
Steering with equal Course the *middle Way*,
'Twixt *Democratic* and *Tyrannic* Sway,
Tho' mild not loose, tho' just yet not severe;
Alike from Rapine and Profusion clear;
By COUNCILS *independant*, wise and just,
Taught to *discern* and to *discharge* its Trust;
To cherish, guide, protect, exalt, refine,
And, to the *human*, link the Chain *divine*;
To keep an Eye attentive still on *Thee*,
And make a People *happy, great and free*.
Till other *Locks* and *Newtons* shall arise,
Another *Marlbro'* other *Gauls* chastise;
New *Miltons* and new *Drydens* strike the Lyre,
Argyles and *Pultneys* Patriot Zeal inspire; New

New *Burleighs* and new *Raleighs* hold the Reign
 And new *Elizabeths* and — *Georges* Reign;
 Whilst W E, deserted, and in Bondage bound,
 With Horrors, Clouds, and darkness circled round,
 See *Dullness* lift her *consecrated* Head,
 And smile to view her dark Dominion spread :
Chaos o'er all his leaden Sceptre rear,
 And not *one Beam* throughout the Gloom appear.

“ Stay, Sir, says ONE, whence pray this groundless
 Cry ?

- “ *I do not find* the times so bad, not I ;
 “ I marvel at the People's Discontent,
 “ When things go on *so* in the Government !
 “ Our glorious monarch's *safe* return'd in Peace,
 “ After his godlike Toils to make *War* cease
 “ *In all the World*—his Ministers quite sure,
 “ For *seven* Years more at least to reign secure ;
 “ Our S——te like a Flock of *Sheep* behold,
 “ With Transport trotting to their sacred Fold, }
 “ Obedient to their *Shepherd's* Voice” --*hold, hold*” -- }
 “ Our *Troops* abroad have got their Tents ashore,
 “ And well entrench'd will run no Hazards more
 “ Our *Fleets* at home ride gallantly about,
 “ And the *third* time Sir JOHN's come in as whole :
 he went out*.
 “ As for our *Taxes* too, they're *strangely* low,
 “ Considering the *Ways* they have to go ?
 “ And *Commerce* sure is in a fine Condition,
 “ When, like such *sturdy Beggars*, CITS petition--
 But

* The Reader will pardon the *Wonderful* length of
 this Line, on account of the *wonderful Intelligence* it
 contains.

But what of those brave *Youths* led out a Prey
 To pois'notus *Seasons*, and a blund'ring Sway ?
 Or that unhappy CHIEF, by Britons wept !
 So long at home, for such a Cargo, kept,
 Then, Pedlar-like, sent to th' *Antipodes*,
 Just time to fight with *Equinoctial* Seas ?
 What of that godlike MARLBRO' of the *Main*.
 Left unsupply'd, and now call'd home again ?
 Or of our num'rous Vessels captive made
 On our own Coasts, for want of purchas'd Aid :
 What of a strange *Neutrality* avow'd,
 What of these things, d'ye say, and more like these
 Which fill the Measure up of * our Iniquities ;

“ You may abuse the times, Sir. in your Rage,
 “ But, troth, to ME it is the *golden Age*”
 To you ! so much the worse to us I deem,
 For well you know, when one voracious Limb
 Draws the sole Nutriment from all the rest,
 The Body must be mortally distressed ;
 The more you thrive, then, we're the more undone--
 “ Dreams ! Dreams ! Sir :— Dreams, d'ye say ?
 I'll tell you one.

From that fam'd Cliff where *Dover's* Ramparts rise,
 Cool'd of the toilsome Scorch of Summer Skies
 Returning late, I slumber'd on my Bed,
 All Care, but Care for thee my Country ! fled ;
 When Fancy strait her magick Curtain drew,
 And op'd this visionary Scene to view ;
 —Methought, on the bleak Beach BRITANIA fate,
 Wailing, with NEPTUNE, her disastrous Fate.
 Whilst

* Some future Criticks may peradventure read Yours.

Whilst dreary *Tritons* stood lamenting round,
 Making the Rocks with their loud Plaints resound;
 Sunk in *Despair* she, sick'ning, droop'd the Head,
 The *Laurel Wreath* that grac'd her Temples, dead,
 And the cold *Poppy* nodding in its stead.

" All's lost, she cry'd, my Empire is no more,
 " *Freedom* and *Fame* are fled my mouldring Shore;
 " *Freedom*, which *British* Hearts at Home creates,
 " And *Fame*, which *British* Worth abroad relates;
 " Whilst I " — with that big Tears gush'd out again,
 Which gave new Saltness to the briny Main —
 " Whilst I amongst the Nations *once* renown'd,
 Am now become the *Scoff* of all around.

She said — when thus the Monarch of the Main,
 With Sighs reply'd — fair Sister I complain
 Of Wrongs that match with yours — this *Albion*, long
 My darling Isle, by me enrich'd and strong,
 Dares scorn my Succour, and ungrateful boast
 Its Safety in a vain *unnat'ral* Host;
 The *British* Sea must yield to the *Parade*,
 And *Vernon's* Colours strike to *W* — 's *Cockade*;
 Whilst our fair Fleets lie bridled on the Deep,
 Their Thunder hush'd in ignominious Sleep;
 For why — some *evil Genius*, to our Shame,
 Sate at the *Helm*, and check'd our native Flame;
 Gave up to *Worms* and *Spaniards* for a Spoil,
 The Vessels, sons and Commerce of our Isle;
 In *coward Treaties* parly'd with the *Foe*,
 And begg'd as *Alms* our Ships in Peace might go.

BRITANIA sigh'd and with uplifted Eyes,
 In ardent Prayer to LIBERTY applies;

Come
 1789

" Come, *Bliss-creative Parent* ! once more come,
 " And meet thy *eldest Son* returning home,
 " Past Crimes thy *Prodigal* repentant mourns,
 " Implores thy Sight, and for thy Blessing burns
 " Come, take th' expiring Suppliant in" the cry'd,
 When o'er the Main the heavenly Maid she spy'd ;
 Th' obedient deep her balmy Breath control'd,
 Whilst in soft Curls flatt'ring Billows roll'd ?
 For-ever-blooming Roses crown'd her Head,
 And her spread V Vings enchanting Odours shed ?
 V Where're she came appeared a double Die,
 The Sea shone greener, and more blue the Sky :
 An azure mantle o'er her shoulders flow'd ;
 V Which with the various Hues of Iris glowed :
 The Vi'let Hyacinth, and Pink were there,
 And all the Beauties of the opening Year.
 Not so emboss'd with Gems, around the Loins
 Of *India's* Kings, the regal Girdle shines,
 Nor *Juno's* Bird on the Cærulean Plain,
 Displays such Colours in her Eye-fraught Train.

Instant upon the wave-wash'd Beach SHE light,
 And thus, *half-smiling*, did BRITANNIA greet ;
 " Great QUEEN of NATIONS I, ll attend thy Prayer }
 " And take thy Sons once more into my Care, }
 " If they'll by Acts like these, my way prepare ; }
 To publick Justice publick Plund'ers bring,
 And take the Wicked from before the King ;
 Purge the distemper'd Land of that dire Crew,
 The low Corrupt and high Corrupters too ;
 And yet the fatal Malady's so great,
 To Cure will be unpeopling of the State ;

Pois'nous

pois'nous *Corruption* ! thou eternal Bane;
 To Virtue's Liberty's, and wisdom's Reign :
 In this poor Isle what Havock hast thou made ?
 Of late O fatal *Traffick* ! her *sole Trade* ;
 How mildew'd ev'ry *Science* ev'ry *Art*.
 Crept to the *Constitution's* very *Heart*,
 And made her S---tes, on whose Breath depend
 Her Bliss and safety, thy black Cause befriend ;

When *Righteousness* shall, then, *exalt the Throne*,
 And *publick Spirit* at the *Helm* be shewn ;
 When *Independant Powers* in S-----te meet,
 And *Courtier* does not mean the same as *Cheat*,
 When copying these, and copy them they will,
 For as the *Fountain* flows so runs the *Rill*,
 Rank below Rank prove worthy of my Reign,
 Fair LIBERTY, BRITANNIA's thine again !--- }
 —BRITANNIA bow'd--I 'wake, and cry'd AMEN. }

F I N I S,

Various Countries A thousand times
To Virtue's labours, and wisdom's reign
In this poor life what harvest have we made?
O! the great things that in the world are done
How many a soul by sin is lost every day
To the Corruption's very Hell
And made her Hell, on whose dark side depend
Her bills and flocks, the black Clouds behind;

When Righteousness shall, though ev'ry the Town,
And justice shine at the Helm be shown;
When Independent Powers in State be met,
And Country does not mean the same as Church,
When copying their, and copy that they will,
For as the fountain flows to run the Mill,
Rank below Rank prove worthy of my Reign,
Fair Liberty, Britain's child again! ---
--- BRITANNIA, and thy Amen.



1711

